

THE
SURFEIT.
TO
A B C.



























LONDON,
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1656.



THE SURFEIT.

To *A B C*.

§ I.





Pollo was a Gentle-




A     man rather then
    a Physician, and
    yet both: I apply
    to you for coun-
 sell in my malady, as a Clas-
 sicall Compeere with *Hermes*
 A 2 and

and *Asclepius*. A whole Autumne of hypocondraical passions and symptoms are fallen upon me, which is a melancholy disease, and must be handled gently with preparatives; for the humour is sturdy, and violence will rent and destroy all the fabrick. The cause proceeds from a surfeit: Of reading men and books.

I have read over your *Ovids Metamorphosis*; at first view I took it to be a heape of sand without cement, all independent; but upon the review, I take it to be the best piece of a School boy that hath well laboured and
beaten

beaten out only two theams.
The first, *Ante obitum nemo* —
which takes up the whole
first half part of the infelicity
of *Agenors Progenie*. The lat-
ter part, — *Nihil est toto quod*
perstet in orbe. Where the
mutations and vicissitude of
things are summarily enu-
merate.

I have lately read *Balzac*,
where I have been set upon
the rack and torture, expe-
cting some high conceit, and
never more delighted, then
when I most failed, admiring
with others what I least
understood. His Letters to
the Cardinall and Bishop
seems to be a piece of *David's*

Psalmes conferrd upon man
for the most excellent piece;
to be a Courtier, is to be
something prophane. His
love lettersto *Clorinda* sound
as if they were translated out
of some old Ballads, only lea-
ving out the counterpit play,
the *Ging of Rime*. I do passio-
nately disaffect that trite ob-
solete valedure; your most
humble, your tres humble
and affectionate Servant, it
seemes like the overworne
Statute lace of your Groome
or Footman, and best befits
them. In all his Letters like
Lipsius, or *Sir Henry Wotton*,
ever grumbling and com-
plaining of his invaliditude.

I have read over *Heywoods Commentaries upon Merlins*, or rather his own prophecies, until Hen. 2. dayes, speaking of *Rosamond*; so far good and true out of the Copies of *Jesfery of Monmouth* and *Alanus de Insulis Expositions*; all the following is false and faigned, yet a good Poet, but no Prophet. And whatsoever is cited by our late Prognosticks as pretended from *Merlin*, is forged & suppositious, making new Prophecies to fancie their desires, or sound to the present times and histories.

I, wearied with reading books, began to study Men. I

A 4

made

made a Survey of all the Gentlemens houses, and without a pack of Cards last *Christmas* plaid alone. I see one a general good house-keeper for a very age, he keeps hospitality, payes his servants wages quarterly: But what's the *Catastrophe*? He dies, his servants have spent their Wages for their Masters honour, and their own reputation; when they be dissolved, an habitual idleness brings povertie, miserie. An other runns in debt unto his servants; but at the close weakens, almost ruins his own estate; here are objects of piety; pitie I can not, I am
not

not yet so weak. An other out of an ample soul, and unbounded liberal Disposition, flies into high exorbitances, vast expenses, but fore-seeing the future inconvenience breaks off suddenly; and this is least to be lamented, for you shall only find some *Pantomimes* and *Parasites* dishevel'd, and in short time all reintegrated.

And who gets the advantage? the Country Farmer will tell you, these great house-keepers bring all the beggars in a Region to his parts, and never a one of these beggars, but expect from us some Almes, with

continual clamours at our
dcores. Your private Gentle-
man finds the price of
provision raised to a third
part, and therein suffers.
And for my part, I am as a-
fraid to lie in a great Gentle-
mans house as in an Inn, be-
sides the abatement of my
content, for I had rather be
observed, then observe the
will of an other.

If I look upon the Coun-
trie man, he's no other to me
then one that's borne some
thousand leagues out of
Christendome, or rather men
moving like trees : and if I
breath a gentle gale of a good
morrow, they will move and
bend

bend with a soft murmur. If I tread upon a doggs taile by chance, he will turne back and bite.

In these lumpish passions I have some pleasing Intervals, I can both laugh and sleepe. I take a merry book into my hand, say it be that *Mortuum Caput*, old *Aristotle* his *Organon* in the bare Latine text. Oh! how I can chink at his pretty Conceits; the burden of all his merry catches is, *Necessarium enim est*. I have an other better remedie to my malady; I take a piece of that *Astaticke* redundance under mine elbow, *Galen de temperamentis* or his *Commentaries* upon

upon *Hippocrates*, He undertake he is so tedious, that before you have read one Page and perfectly understand it, you shall fall asleep.

For Bishop *Andrews* and Dr. *Donne*, I could never conceive better of them, then as a voluntarie before a lesson to the Lute, which is absolutely the best pleasing to the eare; but after finished absolutely forgotten, nothing to be remembred or repeated.

I have lately made an Essay to beat out a Theme tending to *Papisme* from the primitive Fathers, although I am no Romanist; The same on the contrary for the
Protestant.

Protestant. I faithfully searched and copied out with mine own eyes and hands the proofes from the Authors themselves. But the terme of mine intention was this; I'me thoroughly perswaded that none of the first 600. Centurists knew either *Papist* or *Protestant*, as questions not at all questioned at those times. And therefore I will neither appeal to them as judges or advocates or witnesses: But like unto Pigeon feathers of which the *Opticks* write, the causes of the variegations and diversity of lustres proceeds from the contrary lights, or lookings through

through *Mediums* diversly
tinged : diversity of educa-
tion, and discrepantie of the
first principles instilled into
each man begets a pertinacy
in Paradoxes ; In these Con-
troversies, the disputant and
Latter writers wrest the Fa-
thers to their own appetite,
making them like a Bell to
sound as they please to inter-
pret, or like the indented
January tablets which repre-
sents two several figures at
several stations, like change-
able taffeties or *Marmoles* in
a decaying fire, every one
phanfies his own Phantasms.

Bless me, and far be it from
me to derogate from the
sanctity

sanctity integrity and purity
of the Ancient Fathers, but
that reading of them does
conduce to knowledge and
holinelle; only I averr that
in our quarrels in Religion
they were neither sticklers
or seconds.

Sir,

*A little slumber begin,
neth to seise upon me,
and so I take leave
until I awake*

Your most observant.

P. K.

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§. 2.

H*istory* — The reading of the Jews and Romans is superlative for admiration: and what is to be wondred at in all these except two, one *David*, and one *Augustus*? The Country of *Judea* a small *Canton*, some threescore miles over, and sixscore long, an other *Torke-shire*. And for their Kings they walked all in the sins of their Fathers, and he did evil in the sight of the Lord, walking in the way of his father: and I know not how many times repeated in walking in the way of *Jero-boam*;

boam ; for he walked all the waies of *Jeroboam*. The reading of these Kings breeds danger ; for they are for the most part writ Historically, not exemplarily for imitation. I writ not this to derogate from the power and glory of our Saviour ; For the first page of *St. Matthews Gospel* is sufficient for me to give belief to his descent from *David* , and to believe the ten Ancestors of *Joseph* supplied by *St. Matthew* , rather then if I had them from the Old Testament : or rather upon even terms *Saint Luke* that hath nothing from the Old Testament untill he
come

come to *Nathan* the sonne of *David*, except *Salathiel* and *Zorobabel*. From the cratch to the crosse all our Saviours proceedings argued his humility; and therefore no marvell if he was born in so base degenerate a Nation.

For the Romans! what people more base, more subdued and enslaved! The first ten or twelve Emperours slain by one another. The other following all strangers; so that they have been subject, I say subdued, by all the barbarous Nations of the world. *Trajan* a Spaniard, *Antonie Pius* a Franck, *Pertinax* of base ignoble progenie,
Severus

Severus an *Affrican*, that great enemy and emulous compeer to the Roman Empire; *Heliogabalus* an *Affyrian*, *Emilian* a *Mauritane*, *Probus* a *Dalmatian*, *Alaricus* the *Goth* sacked *Rome*. And at present they will rather suffer the *German*, the *Spaniard*, the *French*, then a native *Italian Prince*.

Let us examine the *Authors*; *Livie* with *Holinshed* and *Stow* I compare: *Livie* fill'd up with the names of *Consuls* and *Officers*; and the other with *Lord Maiors* feasts & *Sheriffs* of *London*. Let *Lipsius* summe up his syllable, and tel you of his *Polybius*, *Herodotus*,

Herodotus, *Xenophon*, his Master *Tacitus*, and others, and give you his Encomiums and Criticisms: As if all the erudition of the World was confined to that former age: You shall finde as high Politicks, as gallant elegant polite phrase, as ever *Livie*, or *Sueton*, or any of the ancient writ, if you peruse *Mariana* for the Spanish History, *Rosiers* for the French, *Cambden* and *Polidore* for the English, *Buchanan* for the Scot; of all I commend an obscure man, *Egnatius*, a sweet compendium of the Empire, with a right elegant *Livian* phrase.

The Abbot of *Uxspurge*. I believe

believe to his age (I mean in his time) writ an elaborate & right elegant stile, though now it seems barbarous. The same I say of *Mathew of Westminster*, *Henry of Huntington*, *Paris the French Herald*, *Hector Boetius*, and *Mariana the Scot*, with the rest of their age. My reason, being now translated into our modern Languages, they make perfect Language; which in their daies was dissonant to ours: my conclusion, by how much they differed from the common Idiom at those daies, they seemed so much the more polite, terse, and gallant.

Earonius

Baronius and his Contractor *Spondanus* for Ecclesiastical History are plain handsome good Latine : But *Functius* and our renowned *Mountague*, the light and honour of our Nation and age , upon the same subject writ with more grace , magnificence and elegancy. Where I note unto you that *Mountague* to my knowledge had been as voluminous as any (whose pieces I believe are extant still in Manuscripts) did not the disingenuous parsimony of our English people hinder the glory of our Nation in disburfing for the Press.

The *Elzevirian* Edition in
small

small manuals of all the Kingdomes and Commonwealths to the number of about forty; These are choice pieces selected from all the best Authors: But I can not tell how the Authors will take it, to be thus shuffled and cut, mutilated, dismembred, and mangled, and thus hashed and made into an *Olla-Podrina*, I know not how (if living) they would relish it?

Speeds Chronicle is incomparable for good; A Party-coloured *Cento* (*Ausonius* never writ so good) consarnated from the only wits of those dayes; for the compiler
was

was taken from a Manual trade ; amongst the rest the life of *Hen.* was written by Doctor *Barkham*, in opposition or rather to suppress the same life written by one Mr. *Boulton* a Roman Catholick, who did too much favour the haughty carriage of *Thomas* of *Becket*; poor Mr. *Draper* had a principal hand in composing and collecting all together.

But I have read and run over for use all domestick and exotick Authors; I have composed a piece, a worke I dare call it, and greater then all envy own it, if the adstipulation of Sir *John Beaumont* the

the Father, Mr. *Camden* and Mr. *Selden* will take place.

The Contents a Genealogy to the Protoplast *Adam*, continued without any intermission, for the most part above twenty lines, at the least with seven or six, digested Chronologically by *Centuries*, to decline deceit with the generation and lives of all the Emperors, Kings and Princes of the uuiversal world, inoculated into my greater *stemm*, provided, if any history have made mention of them. This I have writ in Latine called *Eugenia*. But o miserable *Catastrophe*! all this was written for the honour of the late

B

King

King *Charles* : And since he hath lost his life and Kingdomes, I must lose my labours. And my deare child (for so I call it) begot in the vigour of my virility, which I ever hoped should have been transanimated into an *Amaranthus*, shall now I fear be Metamorphosed to the fading flowre cald *Filius ante Patrem*.

Adieu History.

§. 3.

L *Anguages* — English I speak, Latine I write. In the Hebrew and Greek, I can beat out a theme and a root; Spanish and Italian I understand; and what must I doe with these *languages*? for the former, if I were a publique professor with an annual and life terminal pension, I could chop and change many readings, and perhaps add amongst a thousand some new Criticisme. For the latter Provincial *languages*! will you have me a translator? a thing less then my selfe, and

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an

an ingenuous English soul to be a Sectarie to any forraigne Nation ; and privately to make use, and assume as mine own invention any of their writings. I scorne to be a *Mango* and a *Plagiarie*. The French language I am wilfully ignorant of, my reason reserved. Take this excursion, the Latine within it self is a very empty and hungry language, borrowes all his words both of arts and offices from the Greek. Great *Tiberius* might have sav'd its complement of asking leave when he named the words Monopoly, and an Embleme: he might needs have long & tedious

tedious Circumquaques to expresse them, which after so many yeers are not yet invented. I! the Latines are so ignorant, that they knew neither God, father nor mother : and so uncivilized, that they knew not what a pair of gloves was until they had them from the Greeks. And what beggarly, rude, barbarous Surnames they have for their Gentry; *Fabius Piso, Scipio, Caligula, Asinius, Goodman Eean, and Pease, Mr. Cudgell, Giffer small-breeks, Goodman Ass.* And moreover take notice, it seemes the *Venetian* was bound for the repayment to the Greeke.

For the Grand-seignior, and the Greeks altogether use in their terms of War and trade the *Italian* stampe. The *Spaniards* and we, I find, have no interchange of words either by commerce or conquest. I only find these two words common to both, *Mucho* and *Dozeno*, much and a dozen.

But, I speak to the whole world, I have a new repertion, the Universal Character. Neither will I rake into the great *Scaliger's* urne; his device required more then a *Cæsar* to support it. I cast all up with a few Counters; the labour is already finished; the learner, let him be but an ordinary

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dinary *Abedarian* in his own language, may read and write within two hours space any missive letters. This I dare promise for Ten languages, if not more : The *China's* have a way, so goes report, sure time and traffique had by this transported it, if either true or seasonable : My way I could expresse in lesse then a sheet of paper, which if I should expose to the publique view, would seem no bigger then a ballad, which not being annexed to a greater volume, my name (which I have ever studied in an honest way to preserve, and to transmit to posterity) this

name would be lost in so small a trifle.

M*usick* — I do not love that one of the Seven liberal Sciences, nay one of the four and none of the Trivials, should be made a prostitute at every dore with a Fidler. Vocal, when I was young, I knew, but drawn from it, because those convents begat good Company, but bad husbandry. Instrumental and Cathedral, I have ever been wilfully ignorant of, because I have dearly loved them, and if I had learnt

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a nauseous distast and surfeit,
as in other things, and then I
had had nothing to delight
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hath failed me, for now all
Church-Musick, my highest
terrene content, is abando-
ned amongst us.

Farewel Delights.

§. 4.

BEcause *Aristotle* and *Ci-
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not. Thus writes *Peter Ramus*; and what if I said as much of them, I ! and of *Peter too* ?

They talke of Catholick doctrines, which every one is bound to believe. I know no universals but these three. Two notional, that there is a God, And number, one, two three, ten, twenty, &c. which hath the same accompt amongst all men in all nations. *Numeri una est & eadem apud omnes ubique gentium ratio.* You may add to this a practical universe, your *Mummarium minutum*, your Goldsmiths graine (not a barley corne) which is one and same in all nations of the world
inviolatē,

inviolatē, the same stamp, the same example conferrd.

The third universal is appetite; every perfect and imperfect living creature acquires sustenance to eat and drink. For existential or sensual, I grant many, that there is a Sun that shineth, that the fire heateth, &c. yet a blind man and the Paralytick denies both.

Some talk of the virtue of herbs, others of the influence & effect of stars, Botanology and Astrology: both vaine, both false, because man is prone to become like God to divine and work miracles, are these toyes or rather pretty

pretty conceits thrust upon
u . The Merchant to vend
his druggs deviseth large
promises by wonders ; And
alwayes observe, his last in-
vented carries the greatest
name for miracle. Your
Herbarist to beget a love
to the knowledge of plants
(which indeed is commen-
dable in it selfe,) but would
perish, except upheld by the
vain promises of Cures The
event indeed, which is only
by accident or imagination,
hath sometimes confirmed
the Cure. We might spare an
abundance of Mr. *Johnsons*
and Mr. *Parkinsons* indivi-
dual and accidental additons
which

which are only *lusus luxuriantis Naturæ*.

Astronomy, a noble science of perpetualls, would be neglected. For I could know the day by the rising and setting of the Sun, and Noon by the barne doore or Church-wall sufficient for use. But hope of Divination by *Astrology* does perfect it to every degree and moment. I am not ignorant in the tryall of both, and therefore speake with more confidence: Passion a me ! see where Mr. Doctor comes Pelting and chafing like his Apothecary ? Good Mr. Doctor a word, we know your trade well enough

enough; all is but fast and loose ; Bole and Jalap, or Plantane and Spurge will do all this. Or weele go a little farther and make your whole business Addition and Substraction, both which fasting and feasting will performe ; fasting with a little barley-water , and feasting with your Aromatical spices, Cinnamon , Nutmegs and Cloves, Waffal powder, perhaps a little black Ambar, which are your chiefeft ingredients for cordials. But now reverend Sir, to you that understand without Sarcafmes ; If you be Master of Methode, which requires long

long study, great judgement, a few things will suffice ; neither need ye that Emperical trash of numerous simples.

But above all in all, avoid, nay abhor the judgement of the stars ; it is abominable false, scandalous to infamy ; if you but once erect a Figure for experience, you will hear that word Conjuror, a fowle staine, that all the earth of *Owburne* will not scowre out.

Now comes in the foure Elements, fire, aire, earth, water, the Principles of which man and all bodies are compounded. *Malum !* a pox on't there's no such thing. If indeed I were to plant my self

selfe and build a house, I would take special care of all these, wood and coal for fire, the best earth for corne and meddow : faire rivers or springs to have my water without charge ; and a good air for the health of mybody. I would have my house not composed, but fitted with these Elements : But to example these into the four complexions, and tell me of *temperamentum ad pondus & ad justitiam, &c.* chips chips, pigeon feathers, *trica apine quisquiliæ*. I have seen tall men and low, the bright hair and the black, all constitutions ; wise and foolish, valiant and

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and cowardish, sicke and healthful; And he that tells me the fish in the Sea have fire in their bellies, I had as lieve they told me the Sea burnt. But we must supply you with something in *lieu* of these; what say you to *virtus stellaris*? cast off your old obsolete words, occult quality, Sympathy and Antipathy, betake you to Synentebechy and Idiosyncresy, these puzzle you, and make you little the wiser; well, I will give you an accompt of them the next moore at our Gossip Scepticks house. But if you talk Greek, you will be discovered; betake you to the
Atlantis

Atlantis language for raisons in nature. Say *Iliaster Archæus*, that is the internal star, the *syderian* spirit, *faber occultus*, and that this *sperma primum* or *ens seminis* in a grain or wheat is the 8200 part, *proportio anatica*. For minerals, you may rant it over thus; concerning their generation, that they have the seeds of Petrification, and *Sal* in *Gorgon* within themselves, dilating the terrestrial residence by the hands of their own concretive spirit. Then fall upon the Rabbies fifty gates of Intelligence and light. And if you fall upon the extatique Phansie of the
Oplocrisme,

Oplocrisme, the Theory of *Magnatisme* and doctrine of effluxions, that this radical activity streames in *Semi-immaterial* threds of *Atomes* conducted by the *Mumial* efflux, &c. wonder and amazement! Never *Abraham*-man or *Parico* spake purer language.

An other talks of reason; I acknowledge none, but that we are governed by sense. One writes that the soul retired unto her selfe, into her self, and reflexed by the principles of her own divinity, sees every thing, &c. Toyes, vanities, how many thousand *Chymera's*, strange forms
phan-

phantomes, illusions, does the brain retired present, which presently are vanished, when the eyes doe open and fix upon any known object: where is our faith but in our eares: faith comes by hearing: *Ob.* Yet a mad man hath his sense yet no reason! 'Tis denyed, look upon his eyes; they stare, they rowle, they are unfixt: place his eyes firme and you rectifie that which you call reason. Children have feares and Bugbears in the dark; a candle does disperse them and rectifie their weak eyes. *Mopsa* and *Philoclea* have the same or equal soules, only distinguished

guished by breeding or their
Organs of sense. I will ac-
compt him a sublime ratio-
nal, that can discribe his last
nights dreame with all the
scenes, variations, motions,
figures, colours, transactions,
transcursions : And him a
true rational that can *ex tem-
pore* speak *non-sense* ; no man
can do either that is master
of his common sense ; But it
is an other matter if any one
will contradict me with his
eyes shut, *clausis quod dicitur
oculis maledicere.*

But I shall have such a skull
of Sophisters pelting at me
with their *Ats* and *Ergos*,
Aristotle and *Keckerman böö ë
aiäl*

aiäl raönale. Good boyes be a little patient, I will rectifie your Masters. *Logicon* and *Logica* are the derivatives of *logos*; *Logos* is *sermo* as well as *ratio*, or number, so that you may define a man to be a living creature that can number, whereas no other Creature can number except man. But rather *homo est animal orationale*, man is a creature that can speak. We have no other definition of a dog, but that he is a four-footed beast that barks; a cock that he is a feathered fowl that crows; a partridge Jaukes &c. The Latines from the Greeks have a more ready expres-

expression for the inarticulate voice of every creature and fitter for definition. *Cervus glocitat, Lepus vagit, Lupus ululat, Vulpecula gannit, Mus mintrat, perdix cacabat, accipiter pipat, Milvus lipit, Passer pipit, Regulus Zinzilulat, &c.*

An other talks of Seven Planets; amongst these *Mercury*; I acknowledge none such, nay I deny him. I never saw him, though early and late I have waited for him. Nay, no man ever saw him. *Origanus* and *Argalus* our only two *Ephemerists* differ twelve degrees in their Calculation, others seven; when as in others they misse
not

not a second third or tenth. Now my merchant *Mercury* (*Mercuricus dicitur à mercibus*) is never 27 or 30 degrees from the Sun ; and if he be within 15. he is combust and invisible ; by this consequence, when and where must I go seeke my *stilbo*? And what a ridiculous thing is it, that *Mercury* never being above 27 degrees from the Sun (called his *maxima distantia*) should ever appeare, when the Moon a more glorious body, more *diaphanous*, and more capable of lustre, never appears untill the prime, which is about three dayes after her departure from

from the Sun, and is neer or about 36 degrees. *An. Dom.* 1652. *Jan:* 25. 26, 27. *Venus* and *Mercury* conjunct, all clear evenings, *Venus* most full of lustre; no other Star appearing neer her by ten yards in the eyes Computation, *Anno prædicto* May 18 ☉ II 8. ♀ ☿ 1. no appearance of *Mercury*, their distance 23 degrees. But then you will have me take one of the days out of the week, and marke *Wednesday* with a black coal, and brand all antiquity with ignorance. No, we will find a supply, neither assume any thing to our own invention, but revive antiquity; I have
C found

found out an other *Mercury* retired into his far recesses. Your *stella Crinita*, your blazing star, your Comet, he bears the same office of Secretary or Herald to denounce war, never above 60 degrees from the Sun, sometimes before, sometimes after his master; sometimes visible, more oft not appearing, yet alwayes in being. Read with me the part of *Albophaez* par. 8. lib. compl. in *Judic. stellarum in revolutione annorum mundi*, cap. 32. p. 94. *Scias etiam quod cum Comet. &c.* Know also that when a Comet shall appeare in the Revolution of the yeer,

yeer, or in any quarter, or in any sign, the occasion will be according to the place of *Mercury* in that yeer: if he be oriental, it will be oriental; if occidental, the Comet will be occidental, and it will be removed when *Mercury* shall be combust: *Ptol. tract. 2. c. 9.* the Star with a tayle is assimilate to *Mars* and *Mercury* in nature.

An other spetious presumption. *Hermians* amongst the *Armorists* are derived of *Hermæ*, squared stones which did resemble *Mercury*, or *Hermes* without a head to adorn Sepulchres, so that every spot should stand, for a *Hermæ*

containing the images of Ancestors: our blazing Star or Comet represents this *Mercury* with his flaming haire thus

The Israelites knew this indicial *Mercury* in their passage through the wilderness (*Exod. 13.*) when the Lord went before them in the night in a pillar of fire; And the *Magi* in the new Testament were guided by the same. These in memory or in semblance of the *Mercurial* statues, were fixt in all high wayes to point the several passages.

Sir, Still these are directed to

*you whose absolute dexterity
and judgement is able either
to create a new opinion in me
or perfect our proceedings.*

*I hope I shall take good rest;
till morning I humbly take
leave.*

§. 4.

UPon a slumber a rough
Survey fell upon me, of
the fashion of ages, and diver-
sity of Church governments:
how sacred and superstitious
the antients were in the num-
ber of their prayers, their *Pa-
ter Nosters* ; How Idolatrous
we are become to the num-
ber seven in Idolizing a Sab-
C 3 bath,

bath, with two sermons and long conceived prayers. In *Q Elizabeths* time when religion was in her purity, even at very Court a few lent Sermons served the turne: But both these in their extremes may be moderated; and if we did well consider the 6. of *St. Matthew*, we ought not to be *Battologists*, and *Polulogists*, like the Gentiles thinking to be heard for their much babbling: But this mine opinion (God reforme me if I thinke amiss) Our Father, or rather the Lords prayer once repeated with a true submission to the ordinance and a mental energy, we shall have all things

things sufficient granted, for so the text promiseth, for the Father knoweth whereof ye have need before ye aske of him. And the particle *οὗτος* is derived from the primitive *Αὐτός* *quasi* *αὐτός*, i.e. *ipse*; the adverb *hoc*, *idem* the same, not varied with a periphrase *hoc modo*, and the Greeks will admit of such adverbs as the Latine do not, you may force one, *ipsissime*. The Eucharist in the Primitive Church was celebrated with only repeating the Lords prayer. St. Luke hath *λέγων* say, and no more.

The numerous volumes of the primitive Fathers (in this

doubt in reverence I spare to name them) but let it be *Plutarch* or *Plinie*, I much amaze at them; all the sheep-skins in a Region will not make Parchment for one fowle Copy, 3000 at least. In so much that I believe, that posterity using the Criticisms of comparing stiles when the phrase did symphonize, did bestow other mens writings to other Authors Classesses of most renown.

I could name some in these our very dayes that have written stiles masculine and sinewy; Their methode, matter and conceit, rich, pious, reserched: But I find
upon

upon every occasion, they are pressing into the Press, and so become exhausted, grow enervate, flaccide, have not their pristine vigour and vivacity. I'll pass them by, and only meddle with them whose ashes are covered in the *Flaminian* fields; such in times past was *Barnaby Rich* the *Phi'o'ogist* with his Motto *Malo me divitem esse*, that boasted, this was the 36 book writ by the Author. Or old Mr. *Barnard* of *Odcomb* the *Theologue*, that upon every occasion of controverſie offered in those dayes (which were many) would ever be

sure to be bobbing into print. These were accompted in those days rare men, but now an act of oblivion hath passed upon all their works ; And what stile and Authors the future age will produce, and whether they will be perpetuate, shall nothing trouble me.

Bellarmino and our Countryman *Stapleton* with some other Schoolmen, I have read some part of them (though but little) or run over. Voluminous men farced up with authorities, and fathers gathered to their hands, of which if they were devested, they

they would appear but poor naked *Skeletons*, Let them lie aside; versing with *Papists* and Pitch are alike.

Knox the *Scot* (an argument drawn from the notation of the name) his Discipline hath begot so many knocks that I absolutely renounce him.

The *Attick Archæologist* (full of reading, paines and learning) hath moulded up a piece of Antiquity, extracted for the most part from the Poets, *Lycophron*, *Sophocles*, *Aristophanes*, *Enripides* and the Scholiasts, and obtrudes upon us these to be the general customes of the *Athenians* :

ans: As if one in future age should make all *England* in ages past to be a *Bartholomew-Faire*, because *Ben. Johnson* hath writ it. Or that the condition of all our *English* women may be drawn out of *Shackespeers* merry wives of *Windsor*; or the religion of the low-Countrimen from *Mr. Aminadab* in the *Alchymist*. Or from *Massingers* *Mr. Greedy*, a hungry Justice of Peace in *Nottingham-shire*: Or *Will-doe* the Parson of *Gotham* the Condition of all the County. These may be applyed to *Rosinus* and *Goodwins* Roman Antiquities.

Oh! my left side! now I
quarrel

quarrel with mine old shooes
Antiquities; for why should
I value them better then my
new ones? only they will
serve to burn by the fire side,
and save my shins, rather
then walk abroad *ala-mode*
according to the times.

For *Armory* and *Algebra*, I
leave them to great men; by
the armes in a Church win-
dow they may know the te-
nure of lands; by *Algebra* the
value of their Leases and
monies.

Hold me not vain glorious;
I speak it to my shame; *Ptolo-*
mies, *Copernicus*, *Sconerus*, *Q.*
Elizabeth's the *Prutenick*
tables, *Tycho* I have calcula-
ted

ted by them all : Vain man that I am, I was not born to that fortune to be a meer contemplative man ; And the Period of these Sciences is to make a ridiculous Almanack, or calculate a Nativity, full of paines, full of falshood, *docti errores, mendacia deliciis plena, operosi ludi*, and to the prudent——

And for *Geometry* and *Trigonometry* how ravishing soever in the reading, I was not born to so low a fortune as to lead the divel in a chain.

The art of *Shadowes* I know well, and have added new repertions to find a *Polaritie* by the Suns ray, to know

know the less then a minute by a *Horizontal*; to take the altitude of the Sun or stars exactly by a house end: Simple man that I am (quoth *Caxton*) these are fit for none but a brother Squire of the Clock-house to attend *Bowbell*.

I have read some part of the translation *de ovo*, and the generation of Animals; exquisite bawdery; the man is horrible obscene and scurrilous, yet with the lawes and rules of nature, hee is mad with reason, and maintaines *Aretinisme* in the abstract by the highest Philosophy. Had they kept it lockt up in the
Latine

Latine Vestery, and none but the Arch Flamines of *Æsculapius* his Temple to have entred into it, the piece had been incomparable.

Your *Romances* and *Gazettes* are the only harmless useful readings; there is pleasure in the reading, and nothing to burden the memory after: For to speak the *Archadias* Phrase, is an affectednesse distasted by all, and to relate a story from thence is ridiculous to the prudent; only you may say such is a pretty piece, and such a pretty passage.

I could save you a great deal of labour in buying and
reading

reading your *Criticks* or *Comments* upon any Authors, *Servius*, *Beroaldus*, *Agellius*, *Varro*, *Vitruvius*, *Julius Pallux*, ; your *Civilians de rerum & verborum significatione*, *Ulpian*, *Terentius*, *Cicilius*, *Martianus* and a 100 more. You may find all these gathered together in a handful in *Holyocks* Dictionary.

Oh ! how the wind riseth and fumes into my head ? your *Statute* books, your *Laws* civil and common, you may lay them aside : for every quarter we have a repeal ; and why should I read them , when they will not serve for practice ?

For your *Physitians* and
Philo-

Philosophers, I find them all to be but *Friday* mornings, and *Sundayes* in the afternoon, nothing but repetitions and elutriations: Only sometimes varying the methode, and sometimes the Phrase, and many times like *Plagiaries* stealing whole pages without commemoration of his Author. And it will anger a man that within less then an age *Burgerdicius* should shoulder out my old friend *Keckerman*, And *Sennertus* my dear *Fernelius*, and my illuminate Doctor *Leonard*; what hopes of eternity shall our best Authors have?

I compare *Virgil* and *Silvester*

vester, and write them absolutely the best Poets in their respective languages: *Silvester* had all from *Dubartas*; *Virgil* from *Homer*; if my assertion faile, *Macrobius* will attest it: *Homer* from an Egyptian Poët, and *Dubartas* from an old Latine Copy which I have seen, composed, as thought, by some religious man in a riming hexameter.

I far prefer *Homers Vlysses* before *Don Quixot*, as the more exquisite piece of *Drolery*: Besides, the phrase in the bare Latine translation runns like a smooth blanck Jambick with a Mystick concealed number.

Ther's

There's an old School-book
lies by there, you may know
it to be bound in a sheeps-
skin by the mouldineſſe, a
neglected thing ; But take it
up, perhaps it may be the pelt
of the Golden-fleece ; 'Tis
Palingenius. If you aim at the
height and pitch of humane
learning, prefer him before
Agrippa, *Geber de Fluſſibus*,
Lullius, *Libanius* or *Hermes*,
to converſe with Angels, to
attain to the Philoſophers
ſtone, the univerſal medi-
cine, the *Elixar*; in his *Capri-
corne* and *Piſces* he excells
them all (ſo by relation gi-
ven me, and commended to
me) But, good faith I confeſs
though

though I have read them
over, I understand none of
them.

Sir,

*A little rest. And I beseech
you let your fair white hands be
the milken way in this our lower
sphere, whereby these may pass
to our lesser Gods. If you pre-
sent it to the illustrious and illu-
minate, if they but cast
one ray of their splendor upon it,
it may uncloud all mine envelo-
ped Melancholy, and produce
in me better thoughts.*

§. 5.

OH! now, now comes the
torture, now my allego-
rica

rical head-piece is rent with *Scotoms*. A relapse of the *Surfeit* of men. I have exposed my selfe to all sorts and conversed with them; The illiterate and *Profelite* in humane letters understands me not; the learned will have the same liberty to reject me, or aspire to the same kind of Tyrannie to usurp over me, or rather a livid passion will possess them; or at least that they know more and better things themselves: Alas! the whole Island of *Anticyra* brings not forth medicine sufficient for this mischief, though applyed by *Melampus* hands; I must apply to mine
own

own remedies. Abstinence
in the first place; hereafter
farewel men, farewel books,
only some elect and singular
reserved.

The *Parergon* is past
the result followes

Ὅτι γὰρ ἔκρινεν τοῦ εἰδέναι τι ἐν ὑμῖν
εἰ μὴ Ἰησοῦν χριστὸν καὶ τὸν ἐσταυρωμένον.

Post-script.

Zoili Collyrium Nardinum and
Zoili Collyrium Nicarium are
two of the best washes for
dimmed sighted decaying
eyes, and old ulcers.

P. K.

Written by the Author
of this sentence,

Philippi Triáconta-Syllabon'

*Neminis sanguinem pro mea
religione effundi cupio, præter
salvatoris nostri Jesu.*

Cognomen aliis quære





The second reading,
an additional Survey
of Men.

Of the decay of Learning.

A Letter written in an
Exotick Language to Seig-
nior Giovanni Junctino, and
Meraphraſ'd into our
modern times.

MY dearest Junctino, li-
ving, in a manner, out
of the Pale of Christendome,
where I only see men wal-
king like trees, I wearied my
self with close scrutinie into
the cause of the decay of
Learning and contempt of
Learned men.

D

La

In the first place I found this decay to proceed from want of flattery. Mistake me not! Adulation is a general terme for complacency, and blandishment (so saies our great Master of the Summes) To commend a man, if not according to what he is, yet according to that he should be: not so much to praise him, as to provoke him to make himself worthy of such praise. To delight a man disconsolate with a tender collubencie least he taint in tribulation, these are an act of friendship, a laudable virtue which we call *Entrapelia*, *Candor*, affability; Society and conversation cannot subsist with-

without delight. If *Entrapelia* after the *Epheſian Dialect* be taken in the worſer ſenſe, let *Euchariftia* take place, a grateful recordation of good turns

The *Romanift* hath a ſuperlative way of exalting his party : if the man be dull and cloudy, ſlow in expreſſion ; oh ! he's a ſanctified man, wrapt with *Enthuſiaſme*, drawn into himſelf with extaſies, raviſhed with divine afflation, and ſtruck into a tranſport. If of more loquacity : he's the ſword and target, an *Achilles* of the Cauſe; he formes all his notions into a Syllogiſtick *Pyramis*, and ſmites with the point; he hath an *Herculean* Energy of

some *Chymical Panchreston*. If his parts be more eminent ; no man speaks more waigh-tilly, more concisely ; his prevailing eloquence consists in his own grace, an exalted Charact: is this all ? no ! He is the light of his nation and the Christian world ; the Exemplar of Sanctity, the Salt of the people, the Doctor of the Church. Nay, if you find him in a Tavern or a Brothel house, Saint *Mary Mawdlin* must be converted: and our Saviour frequented the assemblies of Publicanes and sinners. Nay ! their Region is so full of Deities, that you may finde sooner God then a man amongst them.

They

They ascribe larger Horizons
 then their Circumscription
 requires, and the people re-
 ceive them with amplifica-
 tion more then a reality will
 well admit. I have known
 by experience a renown-
 ed Knight sometimes wa-
 ving or palliating his religi-
 on; who when he was a *Ro-
 manist*, was accompted a *Va-
 tican* of all the faculties, in
 whom all vigour of inven-
 tion and judgement had fild
 up all numbers; But after his
 revolt was reputed as a fel-
 low full of fungous and em-
 ptie inflations, a *terra dam-
 nata*, no salt, no *nitre* in him:
 But upon his return again to
 his mothers lap, he became a

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 revolt was reputed as a fel-
 low full of fungous and em-
 ptie inflations, a *terra dam-
 nata*, no salt, no *nitre* in him:
 But upon his return again to
 his mothers lap, he became a

competitour with *Adam* in his state of innocency.

Now review what *stigma's* they have for the Adversary the *Protestant*. If a temperate man, you shall find his judgement faint, obscure, imperfect, all his expressions want Sunshine. If of more language, a fellow made up of pust-past and cork; he hath an affected sprucenesse of speech, an infatuated Salt.

Run over with me now the other extreme, what a blandishment and Palliation they have for their rude and horrid absurdities. If he have a confident presuming garrulity, such as play a *Geneva* gigg upon the *Scotch* small-

small-pipes without a Muzzle; Oh! say they, quench not the Spirit. If he be a Saint new dubb'd of the last edition, whose Asteriske is this, one that is drunk with the violence of selfe-action and singularity, of a turbulent spirit, a lunatick conscience and splen, a seminary of seditious motions and reproving, A Bull of *Basan* bellowing and beating with his fore-hoof, an Eager from *Humber*, an Hurrican and Whirlewind storming all before him: what say they? He is a *Boanerges*, a sonne of thunder.

Now how faint and frigid are we amongst our selves!

we

we quarrel with an Emphatic or letter ; whereas these are many times rather voluntary errors, disdaining pedantick trivials by a generous carelessness. And if he be some eminent man, we discourse his wisdom in dividing, his subtilty in arguing his researched conceits, we wind him up with a Periphrase, and transfigure him to some higher region: Then comes in this particle of three letters, *BVT*; worse then *Plantus* his *trium literarum*, worse then the Hebrew *Tau*, the Greek *Tbeta*, or the Latines black Checker and Cole, worse then our Criminal stigmaticks at an *English* arraign-

arraignment. *T.R.F.* and dis-
joynts all; dismantles all,
blurrs, blots, dashes all out,
and at the highest Careere,
like a resty Jade, makes a full
stop, and casts his rider. And
in this we see how implaca-
ble we are in other mens
errors, and insensible in our
own detractions. Il'e give
you some instances. If the
man be of temper mild, and
timerous in his Message from
his Maker, that durst not
trust his own *extemporancy*,
but consults with his remem-
brancer, his book, extracted
from the best Divines, and
digesting his notions into a
Congenial coalition, from
whom you may hear things
choice

choice and pertinent, succinct, and depending, all apted to the occasion, season, auditor, how disingeniously will his friend come off scattering these words, Hee's a pretty man, but I could read as good a piece out of *Dr. Andrews*, or *Mr. Perkins* Sermons : An other thus, If his notes were lost, where was all his learning? If a man have Emphasie and Elocution, whose conceptions and delivery receive Spirit and Lustre from each-other, whose gesture breathes out living passions, and whose vocal hands reign in mens affections, and inspire his auditory; in whom you may
finde

finde a continued strength without deficiency, without inequality: How comes he of? His classsical friend will cry out he is a *Drammatist*, fitter to personate upon a Theatre a *Cassius* or a *Cataline*.

Will you have me then Summ a perfection in one man, and give you an exemplary *Idea* for all mens imitation? It is impossible, I must borrow an abstract from that *Lystrians Mercury* that elect vessel, his words: Spiritual gifts are diversly bestowed: The eare is not the eye, the foot the hand; follow after love, *it envieth not, it thinketh no evil*; in this love (my dearest *Junctino*) let us concenter:

ter : let every one share his part, if not *ad pondus*, yet at *justitiam*. He can not be so bad, if he be my friend, but I have something good to say of him : and if we doe slip in our expressions, let us rather commend his paines then blame his deficiency. To the wise it will seeme a friendly error, to intimate, if not what he is, yet to others it will appear what he ought to be. Ever declining the two shelves of detraction and blandishment; blandishment that sinister *Genius* of flattery; a vice that humors with intent to gain, to nourish vice, or fraudulently to hurt.

FINIS.

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